# IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

Novelized by Samuel Field
From the Successful Play by
ROI COOPER MEGRUE and WALTER HACKETT

## SYNOPSIS

Old Cyrus Martin, the head of the American soap trust, makes a bet of $30,000 with a friend, John Clark, a rival soapmaker, that his (Martin's) son Rodney would be making more money at the end of a year than Clark's son Ellery.

Martin takes his pretty secretary, Mary Grayson, into his confidence and enlists her co-operation. Rodney has been a spendthrift, and the father wants to make him reform and go to work.

Mary meets Rodney, and the son proposes marriage to her. Rodney tells his father about his proposal, and the old man pretends great anger. He tells Mary he will disinherit Rodney.

Rodney defies his father, and Mary is deeply touched at the lad's genuine affection for her. Mary makes a financial bargain with Martin to encourage the son to go to work.

Ambrose Peale, press agent, meets Rodney and agrees to go into business with the lad on a salary basis. Rodney has resolved to go into the soap industry and buck the trust.

Rodney, Peale and Mary go into the soap trade together. Rodney then endeavors to borrow $10,000 as capital for his newly formed company.

The offices of the "13 Soap company" are opened, and they advertise it as "the most expensive soap in the world." Peale talks advertising continually.

The 13 Soap company finds its expenses very heavy, and financial rocks loom ahead. Their chief business seems to have been to spend money for advertising under Peale's directions.

An alleged countess, who has appeared on the scene, desires to purchase the French rights for the sale of "13 Soap" and produces a draft for $20,000, which she desires to have cashed.

The "countess" is shown to be an impostor and despair settles over the 13 Soap company. The firm introduces her, however, to Ellery Clark. Father Martin visits the offices.

Martin, fearing rumors that the new company would injure his business and might break the trust, offers to buy out the firm for $100,000 and give Rodney, Peale and Mary good positions. Then he learns that the company is "dead broke."

Suddenly out of a clear sky comes an order for 50,000 cakes of 13 Soap from the great firm of Brown & James of Chicago. "The tide has turned," the trio now declare.

The 13 Soap company having no factory cannot deliver. The trio endeavor to buy the cakes from branch offices of the Martin trust. They fail to get the necessary number, but send 5,000 cakes.

Mary, in despair, calls on old Martin. Rodney also appears. There they both learn that the father caused the sending of the telegram from Brown & James. Naturally they are amazed and mortified.

Peale arrives. He discourses at length to old Martin on the value of advertising and explains that the money spent on booming 13 Soap was not wasted. Martin is unconvinced.

At last the partial shipment of 13 Soap, which had been sent to Chicago, begins to sell. Brown & James send a man to the Martin home to announce that the 5,000 cakes were gone at $1 apiece. They want more.

Martin, astonished, is forced to realize that Peale's advertising did it all. A deal is finally concluded in which for a big sum Brown & James take over the trademark and formula of 13 Soap.

Martin discovers that Mary and Rodney have married, and he wins his bet with Ellery Clark's father. That "It pays to advertise" the old man will never again deny.

"But I have seen him," shrieked the countess, "and he give me no satisfaction. If I cannot get any soap I must have my money, one or the other, or I put him in the jail. He is a cheat. I have here ze contract. I sue him in the court."

"My dear lady, you mustn't feel that way," said Martin, trying to soothe her.

"Feel! Ah, mon dieu," she cried. "I trick no one, I play fair, I am an honest woman." And she went off into a long speech in French, at the end of which she took out an alleged contract and waved it at him frantically.

"But I don't understand French," said Mr. Martin.

"Pardon, monsieur," said the countess; "always when I am excited I speak the French. But if you love your son you pay me back or else he go to jail. What you say?"

"But $15,000 is a lot of money," remonstrated the soap king, too acute of course to give in at once.

"Yes. But it is more to me than it is to you," argued the lady. "You pay me or he go to prison. Now what you say?"

At this crucial moment Ambrose Peale made his entrance, and old Martin for once in his life was glad to read his name on the card in Johnson's tray.

"By George, just the man I want to see!" he said, in great relief, but fortunately not mentioning Peale's name aloud. "Show him right in. Hold on, hold on. Now, duchess, if you don't mind, just step into this room a minute," he added, showing the unwelcome lady of title out through a door on the left.

"Very well," said the lady. "I go. I wait. But in fifteen minutes if I do not get the $15,000 I go to my lawyer's and your son—poof, he is done!"

Meanwhile Mr. Martin turned to Johnson.

"Did you get my son's office?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. He hasn't come in yet," said Johnson.

"If you reach him while Mr. Peale's here don't mention Rodney's name. Just call him 'that party.' I'll understand."

"Yes, sir."

Peale entered, and he and the soap king struck fire almost at once.

"Now, see here, young man," began Martin, quite indignant at the countess' story.

"Now, one moment, Mr. Martin," Peale began. "I just want to say that I am a man of a few words. This isn't advertising—it's personal. I know you don't like me."

"Why do you say that?" Martin asked curiously.

"Because I'm a pretty wise gink," said Peale.

"Well, you are a bit fresh," Mr. Martin agreed.

"Fresh? Well, I guess that's right too," Peale went on. "But that's me—I'm not your style. Here's the idea. Your son has been immense to me. Great kid, and it struck me the reason you wouldn't back him was because I was mixed up in his business. So I just came to say if that's the situation, why, I'm out, that's all—and you go ahead with him alone."

This was Ambrose's great moment, his big emotional scene. But when it came at last, after all his pondering and planning, it seemed very flat and unimportant. And for the life of him he could not have told how the old magnate was taking it.

"You're not a partner?" the soap king asked him at last.

"I should say not. I'm just a hired hand. He could can me any moment, but he's not the kind of guy who'd do that"—

"Then you haven't power to sign—to make a deal"—

"I should say not," said Peale. "Why, he and Miss Grayson do all the signing. If I could have signed contracts I'd have spent $1,000,000 in advertising. And, believe me, you ought to back him, because honest, Mr. Martin, it's a great scheme—the 13 Soap. On the level, if it's handled right and the publicity end is"—

"Now, don't get started on advertising," Martin interposed, holding up his hand.

"That's right, too," said Ambrose lamely. "Well, I guess that's all. I wanted to tell you how I stood about Rodney. That's off my chest, so good afternoon."

Mr. Martin gave a good look at this young man, who was willing to sacrifice himself for Rodney, but outwardly he did not relent.

"Wait, a minute," he said presently. "What did you boys mean by trimming that poor countess on the French rights?"

"Jumping Jupiter! Has she been here?" asked Peale, again alert.

Mr. Martin explained that she was here now, that she said she'd put Rodney in jail for fraud unless Mr. Martin made good that $15,000.

"I've got to pay her; can't see the boy disgraced," he concluded.

"Say, if you'd like to save that $15,000, I'll fix it for you," spoke up Peale.

"But she's got a contract," said Mr. Martin.

"I'll get it for you cheap," Peale answered him. "Pardon me, sir, but I know how to handle dames like her."

"Don't tell old Martin what I tried to do to you boys. He's the kind that would put me in jail. I'll be on the level. I did come here to try to trim him, but I'll cut it out. Honest I will. Oh, Ambrose, I don't like being a grafter."

"Nix, nix," said Peale. "He left me here to settle it. Where is the contract? Come on. Gimme—gimme"—

"You mean you've been on all the time?" cried the countess.

"Sure."

"And you let me sit there a-moultin' all over the place again?"

"Gimme—gimme"—

"Oh, I suppose I've got to. Oh, I'm sick of soap anyhow. Thirteen may be lucky for you boys, but it has been a hoodoo for me."

She handed over the contract to him gracefully enough.

"And now, my little hearts of lettuce," Peale chanted, "this concludes your portion of the evening's entertainment."

"You are an 18 carat kid," said the countess. "Ta, ta," she added. "Ring me up some day."

"So long," said Ambrose. "Be good."

And so he assisted at the dismissal of one of Mr. Martin's callers that afternoon. Of the first, of Mr. Bronson of Chicago and his 50,000 cakes, he had not yet heard. Perhaps this was just as well. The mood of Ambrose this Saturday afternoon had grown far too genial anyway.

Into the middle of this mood, just as he was showing the countess to the door, with no intervention by the faithful Johnson, burst Mary, followed by Rodney in a tearing hurry. They stopped abruptly when they saw Ambrose.

"Oh, have you seen father?" Rodney asked. "Is he here?"

"I'm waiting for him now," Peale answered.

"It's most important," said Mary breathlessly.

"You remember the countess," Peale put in cautiously.

They all bowed, embarrassed, and there was an awkward pause, which the countess broke.

"Well, I guess I'm not wanted," she said perspicaciously, looking shrewdly at the trio, "so I'll trot, I'll trot. So long, you 13 soapsuds."

Alas for the inequalities of this world! If for Ambrose Peale these

There Was a "Grand Makeup."

last days had been blue, for Rodney and Mary they had been all the color of roses.

Much history had passed over their heads as well as the company's in the hours leading up to their visit to Mr. Martin's library and their foregathering there with Ambrose and the countess. The order from Brown & James had begun it, and that was really the soap king's fault, since he had waved his monopolistic wand and caused the false order to spring up out of the ground, and Mary's $5,000 contribution to the soap company's capital had developed it, which may also be said to have been the fault of the old magnate.

The Brown & James order was especially to blame, however, because it had made the future look assured and rosy and encouraging, so that together they had taken the plunge. In the illuminated moments which followed the 50,000 flash Mary's reluctance had disappeared, Rodney's ardor had redoubled, and in the reaction of a lovers' quarrel and a "grand makeup," as Mary said, they had gone off to the Little Church Around the Corner and been married. That was the whole story. Really and truly it was all old Mr. Martin's fault and prearranged by him from the beginning, as Mary told herself again and again, defending her self against Rodney's father's possible wrath when the news of his son's marriage to a typewriter should be broken gently to him.

The quarrel came, as quarrels and April showers are apt to do, out of a clear and serene sky. In the general jubilation over Brown & James Rodney had remarked, escorting Mary uptown at night, that now the first thing he was going to do with his share of the profits was to pay her back that $5,000.

"And then," he added sententiously, "there won't be anything between us any more."

Something in the tone of his voice, quite unintentional on the boy's part, no doubt, had piqued Mary.

"You've always fussed about that," she said.

Something in the way she said the word fussed piqued Rodney.

"And don't you think it's been something to fuss about?" he demanded. "When a fellow's best girl, his fiancee, takes money from a rich old man, and then the fellow lets her lose it all in his business—well, I don't see why you can't see that the situation's pretty raw."

"Why do you say lost? I hope you don't think it's really lost," retorted Mary. "Don't be such a gloomy Gus."

"Well, you know what I mean," persisted Rodney. "It was darned near lost. And that shows you do care about it anyway."

"Why shouldn't I care about it?" said Mary. "Indeed I think $5,000 is a good deal of money."

"I think it's a whole lot of money," said Rodney, "and you must excuse me if I can't help wondering how a girl in your position was able to get hold of it."

"A girl in my position," echoed Mary scornfully. "That's right. Rub it in. I'm really ashamed of you, Rodney Martin. And you know perfectly well I wasn't born a typewriter."

"Mary," he said, trying to be perfectly calm and persuasive, "tell me now. You know we shall be happier."

"I don't know it at all," said Mary obstinately.

"Mary, please," he said, trying to take her hand.

"No," said Mary, "I don't believe you'd like me if you knew."

"Please," persisted Rodney.

The long, uniform rows of New York house fronts stretched away on either side of them in the obscurity. A red light twinkled in one bay window, and beneath the shade could be seen the rows of books in a library. Near the curb opposite an extraordinarily silent limousine had just drawn up, with a little swish of its rubber tires as it came to rest, and presently a man and a woman in joyous evening raiment came out of the house and got into it.

The woman wore a perfectly gorgeous opera cloak, and combs flashed in her beautifully arranged hair. The man's linen was very white and his silk hat very shiny. The chauffeur had switched on the light inside the car, and the occupants showed a moment brilliantly in the jewel box of its interior before the light went out and the car moved off again, west and south, to the haunts of pleasure, as Ambrose Peale would have said. A throb and a sob came into Mary's voice as she saw it all, and she answered again:

"You might hate me. And I'm taking you away from all that, which was yours by right."

"Come in a moment," said Rodney gently and kindly.

They climbed the stairs together, and a West Indian "butler" let them in. Rodney drew Mary into a hideous little reception room on the ground floor, took both the girl's hands in his and looked earnestly into her lovely eyes.

"You're the finest girl in the world, Mary," he said, "and nothing could ever turn me against you."

In the ill lighted, ill ventilated little parlor, illuminated for them with love's thousand eyes, the truth came out. Mary told the whole story from the beginning, not without some humor and not without some satisfaction at certain portions of it, it must be confessed; told of old Mr. Martin's fretting about Ellery Clark, of the bet with Ellery's father, of her share in the deception and of her reward in money.

"What do I care if you really love me," protested Rodney. "Mary, now you must marry me."

That was a Thursday, and by Friday night they were married, so that they could have two days of honeymoon, anyway, before Monday, Rodney said. It was all very quietly arranged in the little church.

So much for those who talk about telepathy. Late Saturday forenoon, when they sneaked down to the office, just to be sure that everything was all right, certainly no one guessed what momentous change had come into their lives; no one divined the ecstasy that thrilled unseen beneath their everyday demeanor.

Of course old Mr. Martin's obduracy had been a blow, but Rodney was game throughout and gloriously happy. He felt every inch a man now and dared to cope with every difficulty.

"Shall we tell the old gentleman?" he asked Mary, meaning of course the fact of their being married.

"No, indeed, not yet," said Mary, blushing ever so little. "Just let me wait for the psychological moment."

### CHAPTER XIX.

#### A Wedding Present.

RODNEY and Mary waited, and love was rewarded once more by nothing less ethereal than a second order for soap that very morning. It was from Dockery's, and this time they simply must fill it. They both agreed, wherefore they had flown at once to Mr. Martin's house in the midst of their honeymoon.

They arrived while Mr. Bronson of Chicago was putting in his half hour wait by feeding peanuts to the chipmunks in Central park. They found only Ambrose there, though very much at home; and Ambrose, of course, once the countess was disposed of, wanted to know what the excitement was all about. Mary told him. It seemed that just after they got to the office that morning a letter from Dockery's had come in.

"Ordering 10,000 cakes of 13 Soap," interrupted Rodney.

"Now what do you think of that?" said Mary.

"Pinch me—I'm dreaming," Peale told her.

"They say our advertising's wonderful," went on Rodney, "and has created such a demand they want to handle the soap in town."

Rodney went on:

"You see, when I show father this letter from Dockery he's got to admit we've won out—and supply us with soap."

"Suppose he's still stubborn and won't help us, what shall we do?" asked Mary.

"Oh, we'll just have to plod along," said Rodney.

"Don't plod—gallop, son—gallop—gallop," amended Peale, full of his high spirits.

"If we ever come out of this you're going to be my partner, fifty to fifty," declared Rodney.

"Mr. Charles Bronson," Johnson announced.

"Oh, I beg pardon! I expected to find Mr. Martin," said Mr. Bronson, entering.

"I am Mr. Martin," spoke up Rodney. "Mr. Rodney Martin?" pursued Bronson.

"Yes," said Rodney.

"Just the man I wanted to see—on private business," said Bronson.

"Oh, these are my partners," said Rodney. "You can talk before them. This is Mr. Peale and Miss Grayson."

"May I present—Mr"—

"Charles Bronson of Brown & James."

The man from Chicago went straight on with his errand.

"Now about your soap?"

"Now see here," protested Rodney.

"O Lord," thought Peale, then added aloud politely, "We're very sorry"—

Mr. Bronson looked at the three in a kind of busy wonder.

"Sorry?" he said. "Why, your 13 Soap the last few days has had a most remarkable sale at our store in Chicago."

Rodney gasped:

"You mean it is really selling?"

"Why, you seem surprised," said Bronson, studying their faces.

Mary pulled herself together briskly, the first of them all.

"Oh, not—not a bit," she repudiated.

Peale longed to know the whole truth.

"You mean people are actually coming into the store and buying it?" he went on.

"At a dollar a cake," said Bronson.

"It was those page advertisements in Chicago that did it," conceded Mary.

"Absolutely," said Peale.

Mr. Bronson wanted to know if they would keep up their campaign. That would have some bearing, of course, on the subject in hand.

"Triple it," said Peale from the bottom of his heart.

"Good, good!" said Mr. Bronson. "We foresee a tremendous sale for your goods. It's an amazing soap. Do you control the company yourself?"

"Oh, entirely," said Rodney.

"Then I can deal with you," Bronson began again.

"With us—all of us," Rodney asserted, and Bronson went on:

"We should be glad to contract now for 250,000 cakes, with deliveries to begin next week."

Mary, whose brain had been going like lightning, now took a hand.

"Our capacity just at present is limited," she said cautiously.

"Yes, we have so many orders on hand," agreed Rodney. "Here's an idea," he said. "In view of our press of orders, would you entertain the idea of paying us merely for the use of our trademark, without any soap at all?"

"Yes, I think we would," Bronson said. "Your trademark is, of course, your biggest asset. You would give us your formula?"

"Yes, if we still have that cook book," blurted Peale.

"I beg pardon," said Bronson.

"Nothing, nothing. Have a cigar," said Peale.

"I've got the cook book," said Mary.

"You can have the formula," Rodney agreed.

Mr. Bronson cleared his throat and went on:

"With a license from you to use the title, I daresay we could arrange to have the soap manufactured by Cyrus Martin of the soap trust."

"How much would you pay for the trademark?" put in Mary.

"I should have to call up our Chicago office," said Bronson. "But I think I can safely say we should be prepared to offer you at least $250,000."

Peale gasped, but controlled himself in time to say "Indeed!" in a very genteel tone of voice.

"Can I have an option at that figure?" pursued Bronson.

"No," said Mary.

"Yes," said Peale.

"No," said Mary again, loudly and resolutely.

"No," said Rodney, following her lead.

"Hadn't we better discuss the matter a little more fully first among ourselves?" she said sweetly.

"Yes," said Mr. Bronson tactfully. "Perhaps I could wait somewhere for a few minutes."

"Yes, do please—in the next room," suggested Mary.

Mr. Bronson stepped to the door.

The door had no sooner closed on Mr. Bronson than the board of directors of the 13 Soap company went into immediate special session.

"Why not give him an option at a quarter of a million?" asked Rodney.

"Because maybe we can get more money than that out of your father," Mary said quietly.

Rodney kissed her. Peale coughed.

Mary said nothing more, for at that moment she spied Johnson coming up, and the sight of him helped give her an idea.

"Johnson, oh, Johnson, you know I've always liked you," she began, attracting his attention vehemently. "Will you do me a favor?"

"Why, yes, Miss"—

"When Mr. Martin comes back don't tell him that Rodney and Mr. Peale are here or Bronson either. Say I'm alone."

"Yes, miss, but Mr. Martin has just driven up in his car. He'll be here directly."

"Hurry up, then. Tell him I'm here, waiting for him," said Mary.

Johnson went out obediently.

"I've got a great idea," said Mary. "You two boys go into that room and stay there. Now listen. Keep Bronson there. When I ring this buzzer twice you call me on this phone—there's a switch in there—and never mind what I say. Now hurry. I'm going to try to make a deal with your father."

They went out reluctantly. Mr. Martin came in.

"Hello, Miss Grayson," he said, seeing her; "this is another pleasant surprise. Where is Rodney?"

"That doesn't matter. I'm here," said Mary demurely.

"Where's that—that Mr."— he began.

"Mr. Peale?" said Mary. "Oh, Mr. Peale's gone back to the office, but he told me to tell you that he'd got that contract"—

"Oh, he did, did he?" said Martin. "Great, great! He's a smart boy."

"We are all smart," said Mary. "It's a smart firm. We've just got a letter from Dockery's for 10,000 cakes of 13 Soap, and this time you didn't send the telegram."

"Dockery's, eh? Well, well! Now I'll be frank," he said. "I want Rodney to come in with me—and you've got to help. You started this scheme. Now finish it up."

"What's changed you all of a sudden?" asked Mary.

"Well, Dockery's, for one thing," said the old gentleman. "That shows sensational advertising does pay. Those boys are right. I've been too conservative, but anyhow I've got the whip hand. Rodney can't get his soap for Dockery's except from me, and if I'm going to furnish 3 cent soap that he sells wholesale for 60 cents, I'm going to be in on the profits. Any young man who can do that is just bound to have me for a partner, whether he wants me or not. What do you say, Miss Grayson?"

"I'll do all I can for Rodney," said Mary, looking down.

"Good. Now, what's your proposition?" he inquired, sitting down.

"Five hundred thousand dollars cash," said Mary quietly.

"What!" yelled Mr. Martin.

"That isn't all. We are to get 51 per cent of the stock, you put up a factory and give Rodney $50,000 a year, Peale $30,000 and me $20,000."

Mr. Martin whistled.

"As my son once observed, what lovely weather we're having," he said.

"Hurrah, Mary! It's all right now!"

Mary pushed the buzzer twice. Almost instantly the telephone rang.

"Shall I answer it?" said Mary politely.

"Go ahead—say I'm out," Martin grunted.

"Oh, hello," said Mary in the telephone, adding in an aside to Mr. Martin, "it's for me. Hello, Rodney—you've seen Bronson?"

"Bronson?" repeated Mr. Martin.

"He did?" said Mary in the telephone; "why, that's a splendid offer. I hardly dared think Brown & James would be so generous."

"I'll accept your proposition, Miss Grayson," interrupted Mr. Martin hastily.

"Wait," said Mary. "Have you closed with Bronson yet?" she went on. "Oh, you haven't?"

"Good," grunted Mr. Martin.

"No," Mary went on, "I think you'd better come right up from the office and see me before you sign anything."

"Here, let me talk to him," Mr. Martin said, and reached for the phone.

"Oh, hello, hello," called Mary quickly and jiggled the bell. "Oh, dear, we've been cut off."

"I'm grateful to you," said Mr. Martin.

"Shall we sign a memorandum now?" asked Mary a little nervously.

"Sure—sure—just the rough details," he agreed.

"Sure, never put off till tomorrow what you can sign today," said Mary.

Mr. Martin began to write:

"Fifty-one per cent—Rodney—fifty thousand— And what's that young man's name again—Spiel?"

"Peale," said Mary.

"That certainly is one dickens of a name—$30,000—Grayson $20,000—there. You sign here."

"No, you sign first," said Mary. He obeyed.

"Now I'll sign for Rodney," said Mary, and did so gleefully.

"That's great," said Mr. Martin.

"You don't know how great it is," assented Mary, and started for the door. "Now I've a big surprise for you. Rodney's not at the office; he's in there."

"What do you mean?"

"Only that I thought I'd handle you less sentimentally than he would. You see, once before I spoiled Rodney's plan. This time I thought I ought to fix it up for him. Rodney, Ambrose," she called, throwing the door open.

Rodney and Peale came in.

"Rodney, it's all settled." Mary began. "Your father has come in with us. I've the contract for all the soap you want."

"Then I don't care what the arrangement is," cried Rodney, "now that we can make good. Twenty per cent of profits and any salary."

"Twenty per cent! Why, she bunkoed me out of 51 per cent and half a million down!" growled his father.

"Half a million!" gasped Peale.

"You did?" asked Rodney. "Mary, you are a wonder."

Mary turned to Mr. Martin.

"And by the terms of my contract with you you now owe me 10 per cent of what Rodney has made—$50,000."

"What contract?" asked Rodney of Mary.

Mr. Martin growled and snorted.

"So that's why you held me up, eh?" he sputtered. "Just to get your 10 per cent. Say, young lady, I've got a lot of other money that you are overlooking."

"Father, what do you mean?" Rodney queried.

"I'll tell you what I mean," said his father. "She got engaged to you to make you go to work. She only left me to keep you on the job because I promised her 10 per cent of what you earned. All the time that she's been pretending she would marry you she's been making use of you."

"You owe me $50,000. Can I have the check, please?" said Mary quietly.

"Yes," said the soap king, "if you'll quit now—get out of here for good. I'm disappointed."

"What's the difference?" asked Mary. "If I'd really loved him you'd have objected to his marrying only a typewriter."

"Objected! If you'd been on the level I'd have been proud to have you for my daughter," said the father, handing his check to Rodney.

"Hurrah, Mary! It's all right now!" cried Rodney.

"What is this—a joke?" said Martin.

"Certainly it is. You put up a joke on Mary and me, and I thought we'd put up one for you. Mary has told me about that contract already."

"You mean you're going to marry her?" asked his father.

"Certainly not," said Rodney.

"Why aren't you going to marry her?" demanded Martin.

"Because we are married already—married yesterday," said Rodney proudly. "And we thought before we told you of our marriage we'd get her percentage for a wedding present."

Mr. Martin whistled.

"By George, you boys were right! I am an old fool. Anyhow I'll win that bet from old John Clark."

"Now for Mr. Bronson," said Mary.

"You boys know Bronson?" asked Mr. Martin.

"Oh, yes!" said Mary. "We had a long talk with him right in this room about a proposition from Brown & James."

Mr. Bronson, who had come in, turned to Rodney.

"But I thought I was dealing with you"—

"No, sir; with me. Now, what's your proposition?" demanded the soap king.

"A quarter of a million cash just for the trademark," said Bronson.

"A quarter of a million?" said Martin scornfully to the quailing Bronson. "Why, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to try to trim these poor boys like that."

The excitement of putting through an important deal, the winning of the bet from John Clark, the reclamation of his boy Rodney and finally Rodney's marriage with Mary Grayson, something he had always wanted, exhilarated him. He squared away like Ambrose Peale, for all the world, and let Bronson have a full blast.

"You know that 13 Soap is worth half a million in Chicago alone!" he shouted. "And you try to take advantage of these kids' ignorance. Why, it's outrageous, but you can't trim me. No, sir—we wouldn't take a million. Do you know that the Bingo cracker trademark is valued at six million, the Honey Bee soap at ten million and our trademark is better than theirs? We're going to advertise all over the world— That's what advertising means—the power of suggestion—the psychology of print. All you have to do is to say a thing often enough and hard enough and 97 per cent of the public'll fall."

"Well, father," laughed Mary, hearing this torrent of advertising talk from these erstwhile conservative lips, "You've got religion."

Mr. Martin took out a large silk handkerchief and blew his nose quite loudly.

"I'll settle $100,000 on the first grandchild," he said, "just for luck."

"Well, well," said Ambrose Peale, with a suspicious twinkle in his eye. "Believe me, it pays to advertise."

THE END.

### RIVAL ATTRACTIONS.

"Where's that hotel that used to advertise 'All the Comforts of Home for One Dollar'?"

"Busted up. The hotel opposite put up a sign: 'None of the Discomforts of Home for Two Dollars'."

China yearly sends $30,000 worth of peanuts to the United States.